But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me,
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.
Thursday is neare, lay hand on hart, aduise,
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, beg, starue, dye in the streets,
For by my soule ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:
Trust too't, bethinke you, ile not be forsworne.
Exit.

Iu. Is there no pittie sitting in the cloudes
That sees into the bottome of my greefe?
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.
Mo. Talke not to me, for ile not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.
Exit.

Iu. O God, ô Nurse, how shall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnlesse that husband send it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? comfort me, counsaile me:
Alack, alack, that heauen should practise stratagems
Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
What sayst thou, hast thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurse.
Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is banished and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come back to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:
Romeos a dishclout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quick, so faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very hart,

I thinke you are happie in this second match,
For it excels your first, or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or twere as good he were,
As liuing here, and you no vse of him.
Iu. Speakst thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my soule too, else beshrew them both.
Iu. Amen.
Nur. What?
Iu. Well thou hast comforted me maruellous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeas'd my father, to *Laurence* Cell,
To make confession, and to be obsolu'd.
Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.
Iu. Auncient damnation, ô most wicked fiend,
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue,
Which she hath praisde him with aboue compare,
So many thousand times? Go Counsellor,
Thou and my bosome henceforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.
Exit.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday sir: the time is very short.
Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slow to slacke his haste.
Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.
Now sir, her father counts it daungerous
That she do giue her sorrow so much sway:
And in his wisedome hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her selfe alone
May be put from her by societie.